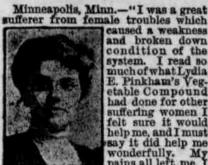
LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills



caused a weakness and broken down and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I within three months

pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis,

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those dis-tressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Shewill treatyour letter asstrictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.



For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, lave the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

Here's the Proof. Mr. A.W. Price, Fredonia, Kans., says; "We have used Sloan's Lini-ment for a year, and find it an excel-

lent thing for sore throat, che colds, and hay fever attacks. A few drops taken on sugar stops cough-ing and sneezing instantly."

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is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin.

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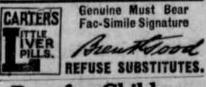
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Gives instant relief when little throats are irritated and sore. Contains no opintes and is as pleasant to take All Drupplate, 25 con

WANTS HER ROSALIND AT RED GAT BY MEREDITH

NICHOLSON

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER III .- Continued.

in my dressing-gown, his knees raised,

his bandaged arms folded across his

chest. Since bringing him into the

I must confess, with increasing mys-

tification. He was splendidly put up.

the best-muscled man I had ever seen

who was not a professional athlete.

His forearms and clean-shaven face

were brown from prolonged tanning

by the sun, but otherwise his skin was

the pink and white of a healthy baby.

His short light hair was combed

smoothly away from a broad fore-

head; his blue eyes were perfectly

steady-they even invited and held

I half believed the fellow to be

amusing himself at my expense; but he met my eyes calmly. If I had not

caught a lunatic I had certainly captured an odd specimen of humanity.

He was the picture of wholesome liv-

ing and sound health; but he talked

likea fool. The idea of a young woman

thoughts to a silly youngster like this

Helen Holbrook giving two

he closed his lips tightly.

I hope," I interrupted.

Gillespie?" I demanded.

kled as he pondered.

now; I want the truth "

guessing; I've got to know."

stack of trunks."

his words.

ing, I smashed him a hot clip in the

orchestra and bolted, and when the

the grace of God, an ignorant man."

"How did you find your way here,

"I suppose I ought to explain that,"

he replied. I waited while he re-

be quite serious, and his brows wrin-

rest. I followed the heaven-kissing

He glanced at me quickly, as

"Have you seen anything of Henry

Holbrook in your travels? Be careful

"I certainly have not. I hope you

"It's not a matter for thinking or

"On my honor I have not seen him.

I had thrown myself into a chair

beside the couch and lighted my pipe.

My captive troubled me. It seemed

odd that he had found the abiding-

some brother well," I ventured.

place of the two women; and if he

"Yes; as well as a man of my age

can know an older man. My father's

place at Stamford adjoined the Hol-

brook estate. Henry and Arthur Hol-

brook married sisters; both women

died long ago, I believe; but the

brothers had a business row and went

to smash. Arthur embezzled, forged,

and so on, and took to the altitudinous

timber, and Henry has been busy

ever since trying to pluck his sister.

He's wild on the subject of his wrongs -ruined by his own brother, deprived

of his inheritance by his sister and

abandoned by his only child. There

wasn't much to Arthur Holbrook;

Henry was the genius, but after the

bank went to the bad he sought the

consolations of rum. He and Henry

married the Hartridge twins who were

the reigning Baltimore belles in the

early '80's-so runneth the chronicle.

But I gossip, my dear, sir; I gossip, which is against my principles. Even

the humble button king of Strawberry

Hill must draw the line."

don't think-" Gillespie hesitated.

and I have no idea where he is."

Gillespie lay on his back, wrapped

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale, Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank faiure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook.

house I had studied him carefully and, scrutiny; when he was not speaking

"I Suppose I Ought to Explain That."

was preposterous, and my heart hardened against him. "You are flippant, Mr. Gillespie, and my errand with you is serious. There are places in this house where I could lock you up and you would never see your button factory again. You seem cool inquiry, and as he munched it, re- boon that is!" to have had some education-" marked upon sandwiches in general "The word does me great honor, as though they were botanical speci-Donovan. They chucked me from

Yale in my junior year. Why, you analyzed in a scientific spirit. may ask? Well, it happened this way: "The sandwich," he began, "not un-You know Rooney, the Bellefontaine happily expresses one of the saddest Cyclone? He struck New Haven traits of our American life. I need with a vaudeville outfit, giving exhihardly refer to our deplorable nationbitions, poking the bag and that sort al habit of hiding our shame under a of fake. At every town they invited blithe and misleading exterior. Chickthe local sports to dig up their brighten sandwiches in some parts of the est amateur middle-weight and put world are rather coarsely marked, for him against the Cyclone for five purposes of indentification, with pinrounds. I brushed my hair the wrong feathers. You may covet no nobler way for a disguise and went against fame than that of creator of the Flylug Sandwich of Annandale. Yet the "And got smashed for your trouble, feathered sandwich, though more picturesque, points rather too directly "No. The boys in the gallery cheered so that they fussed him, and A sandwich that is decorated like a he thought I was fruit. We shook hands, and he turned his head to snarl the milliner's window-or the plumed at the applause, and, seeing an open-

mens that were usually discussed and

knights of sounding war-" With a little sigh, a slow relaxation chin, and he tumbled backward and of muscles, Mr. Gillespie slept. I business to find him. broke the ring rope. I vaulted the locked the doors, put out the lights, and tumbled into my own bed as the boys finally found me I was over near

chapel clock chimed two. Waterbury under a barn. Eli wouldn't In the disturbed affairs of the night stand for it, and back I went to the the blinds had not been drawn, and button factory; and here I am, sir, by I woke to find the room flooded with light and my prisoner gone. The doors were locked as I had left them. Mr. Gillespie had departed by the window, dropping from a little balcony to the terrace beneath. I rang for flected for a moment. He seemed to Ijima and sent him to the pier; and before I had finished shaving the boy was back, and reported Gillespie's "I guessed it about half and for the boat still at the pier, but one of the canoes missing. It was clear that in the sorry plight of his arms Gillespie had preferred paddling to rowing. Beneath my watch on the writing table though anxious to see how I received I found a sheet of note-paper on which

was scrawled: Dear Old Man; I am having one of Dear Old Man: I am having one of those nightmares i mentioned in our delightful conversation. I feel that I am about to walk in my sleep. As my flannels are a triffe bluggy, pardon loss of your dressing-gown. Yourn. R. G. P. S.—I am willing to pay for the glass and medical attention; but I want a rebate for that third sandwich. It really tickled too harshly as it went down. Very likely this accounts for my somnambulism.

G. the launch's tank, I felt confident that before night I should have an understanding with Gillespie if he were still in the neighborhood of Annandale.

The midday was warm, but I codied my eyes on the deep shadows of the wood, through which at intervals I saw white sails flash on the lake. All bird-song was hushed, but a wood-

When I had dressed and had my coffee I locked my old portfolio and tossed it into the bottom of my trunk. Something told me that for a while, had succeeded so quickly, why might not Henry Holbrook have equal luck? I should have other occupation that contributing to the literature pecker had bored a hole in my fore-"You probably know this trouble- of Russian geography.

CHAPTER IV.

I Explore Tippecanoe Creek.

blew fresh and cool.

must certainly venture forth!" I be- a moment he came out into a little gan, cheerily. "You see, Father open space wherein stood a stone Stoddard chose well; this is the most tower where water was stored for the peaceful place on the map. Let us house, and he paused here and gazed fer a little run in the launch." They exchanged glances.

Pat." said Helen.

When IJima brought in a plate of | relief of being free is too blessed to sandwiches he took one gingerly in throw away. I really slept through his swathed hand, regarded it with the night-I can't tell you what a

> "Why, Sister Margaret had to call us both at eight!" exclaimed Helen. "That is almost too wonderful for belief!"

"Oh, the nights here are tranquillity

itself! Now, as to the drive-" "Let us wait another day, Mr. Donovan. I feel that we must make assurance doubly sure," said Miss Pat; and this, of course, was final.

It was clear that the capture of Gillespie had not disturbed the slumber of St. Agatha's. My conscience pricked me a trifle at leaving them so ignorantly contented: but Gillespie's appearance was hardly a menace, and though I had pledged myself to warn Helen Holbrook at the first sign of to the strutting lords of the barnyard. trouble, I determined to deal with him A sandwich that is decorated like a on my own account.

fall bonnet, that suggests, we will say, infatuated fool, and I was capable, I which ran off and joined somewhere on my own account. He was only an out taking any one into my confidence. But first it was my urgent

I got out the launch and crossed the the casino, but found that his name lunch time, visited the golf course that lay on a bit of upland beyond the cottages and watched the players until satisfied that Gillespie was not among them, then I went home for luncheon.

A man with bandaged arms, and clad in a dressing gown, cannot go far without attracting attention; and I was not in the least discouraged by considerable part of my life in the

saw white sails flash on the lake. All down and away from the cottage, and bird-song was hushed, but a woodpecker on a dead sycamore hammered, but below, at the edge of the creek, away for dear life. The bobbing of his red head must have exercised tended platform or deck on the watersome hypnotic spell, for I slept a few side. head. When I roused it was with a when first I came upon that secluded start that sent my pipe clattering to spot: The melodious flow of the the stone terrace floor. A man who creek beneath; the flutter of homing has ever camped or hunted or been hunted-and I have known all three sweet, thymy air. Then a step farther My first care was to find the garden- experiences-always scrutinizes the and I came to a gate which opened on er of St. Agatha's and renew his horizons when he wakes, and I found a flight of steps that led to the house pledge of silence of the night before; myself staring into the wood. As my beneath; and through the intervening and then I sought the ladies, to make eyes sought remembered landmarks tangle I saw a man sprawled at ease sure that they had not been dis here and there, I saw a man dressed in a steamer chair on the deck, his turbed by my collision with Gillespie. as a common saflor skulking toward arms under his head. As I watched Miss Pat and Helen were in Sister the boathouse several hundred yards him he sighed and turned restlessly, Theresa's pretty sitting room, through away. He was evidently following the and I caught a glimpse of closewhose windows the morning wind school wall to escape observation, and trimmed beard and short, thin, slight-I rose and stepped closer to the bal- ly gray hair. "This is a day for the open! You ustrade to watch his movements. In begin with a drive at six, when the about him curiously. I picked up a in the catacombs of Priscilla at sun is low; or, maybe, you would pre field-glass from a little table near by Rome in the form of the following in-

"Perhaps we should wait another trade and followed him.

day. We must take no chances; the The Japanese boy was still at work St. Peter.

on the launch, and, hearing a step on the pier planking, he glanced up, then rose and asked the stranger his busi-

The man shook his head. "If you have business it must be at the house; the road is in the other direction," and Ijima pointed to the wood, but the stranger remained stubbornly on the edge of the pier. I now stepped out of the wood and walked down to the pier.

"What do you want here?" I de manded, sharply,

The man touched his hat, smiled, and shook his head. The broad hand he lifted in salute was that of a laborer, and its brown back was tattooed. He belonged, I judged, to one of the dark Mediterranean races, and I tried him in Italian.

"These are private grounds; you will do well to leave here very quickly," I said.

I saw his eyes light as I spoke the words slowly and distinctly, but he waited until I had finished, then shook his head.

I was sure he had understood, but as addressed him again, ordering him from the premises, he continued to shake his head and grin foolishly. Then I pointed toward the road.

"Go; and it will be best for you not to come here again!" I said, and, after saluting, he walked slowly away into the wood, with a sort of dogged insolence in his slightly swaying gait. At a nod from me ljima stole after him while I waited, and in a few minutes the boy came back and reported that the man had passed the house and left the grounds by the carriage entrance, turning toward Annandale,

With my mind on Gillesple I put off in the launch, determined to study the lake geography. I have, I hope, a soul for landscape, and the soft bubble of water, the lush reeds in the shallows, the rapidly moving panorama of field and forest, the glimpses of wild flowers, and the arched blue above, were restful to mind and heart. It seemed shameful that the whole world was not afloat; then, as I reflected that another boat in these tranquil waters would be an impertinence that I should resent, I was aware that I had been thinking of Helen Holbrook all the while; and the thought of this irritated me so that I criticised Ijima most unjustly for running the launch close to a bowlder that rose like a miniature Gibraltar near the shadowy

shore we were skirting. We gained the ultimate line of the lower lake, and followed the shore in search of its outlet, pleasingly set a river of like name. The lake's waters ran away, like a truant child, through a woody cleft, and in a moment we were as clean quit of the lake as though it did not exist. After lake to the summer colony and began a few rods the creek began to twist my search by asking for Gillesple at and turn as though with the intention of making the voyager earn his way. was unknown. I lounged about until In the narrow channel the beat of our engine rang from the shores rebukingly, and soon, as a punishment for dis-turbing the peace of the little stream, we grounded on a sand-bar.

> "This seems to be the head of navigation, Ijima. I believe this creek was made for canoes, not battleships."

Between us we got the launch off. and I landed on a convenient log and my fruitless search. I have spent crawled up the bank to observe the country. I followed a stake-and-rider engaging occupation of looking for fence, half hidden in vines of various men who were hard to find, and as I sorts, and tramped along the bank, with smoked my cigar on the shady ter- the creek still singing its tortuous way race and waited for Ijima to replenish below at my right hand. Soon the rail fence gave way to barbed wire; the path broadened and the underbrush was neatly cut away. Within lay a small vegetable garden, carefully tilled; and farther on I saw a dark green cottage almost shut in by beeches. The path dipped sharply a moment later I had lost sight of it; stood a long houseboat with an ex-

I can still feel, as I recall the day and hour, the utter peace of the scene wings; even the hum of insects in the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Supposed Relic of St. Peter. It is announced that a remarkably interesting discovery has been made and caught sight of a swarthy foreign scription: "In isto loco Petrus fuit." face under a soft felt hat. He passed Signor Marucchi, the eminent arch-"I think it would be all right, Aunt the tower and walked on toward the acologist, is convinced, after careful lake, and I dropped over the balusstudy of circumstances, that the Petrus is none other than the Apostle

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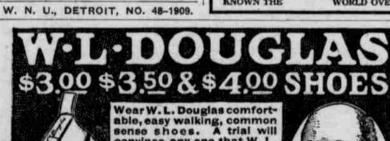
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